

# Youth

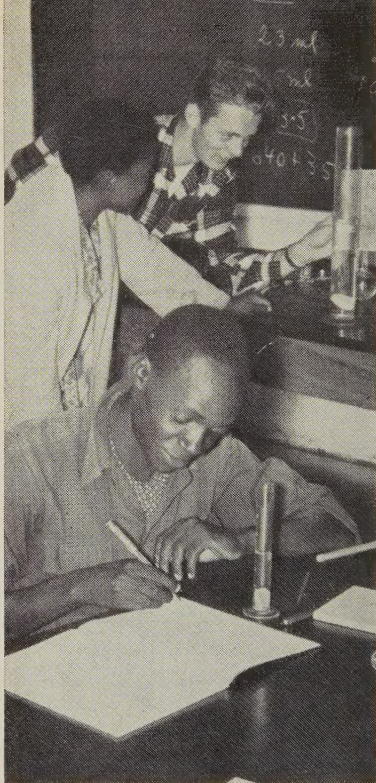


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RHODESIA / WRITING POETRY CAN BE DANGEROUS  
TREASURE / HUNTING IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD  
VIET NAM / SWEATING OUT A WORLD DILEMMA







## *Rhodesia expelled*

LESTER WEINER / The police were at our door.

"You have been declared a prohibited immigrant. So have your wife and daughter. You must leave the country within two weeks."

I'm not sure now what passed through my mind at that moment, but I do know it was a severe shock. . . . I was angry, puzzled, and afraid . . . and now, despite the fact that we are still at work in Africa, in another country, our thoughts and hearts are continually with our old home.

The country in which we lived and from which we were expelled was Rhodesia where I had worked since 1956. It is a telling fact that the government could not declare my younger daughter and my son (age one) prohibited immigrants because they were born in Rhodesia.

Les Weiner (above) teaching at Mt. Silinda, Rhodesia, before leaving that country. Police dog snaps at demonstrator (right) in Salisbury.

World Wide P



# *missionary teacher*





Editor:  
Herman C.  
Ahrens, Jr.

Associate Editor:  
Laura-Jean  
Mashrick

Art Consultant:  
Charles Newton

Administrative  
Secretary:  
Clara  
Utermohlen

Editorial Address:  
Room 800  
1505 Race St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
19102

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Art by Charles Newton.

Stewardship Council, United Church of Christ



## "I had written the sonnet"

And, although my wife and I are Americans by birth, we met each other in educational work in Rhodesia (she had been sent out to be my replacement—but, I somehow decided, after meeting her, not to leave) and we were married there in an African secondary school chapel.

The reason that we were forced to leave Rhodesia is that I wrote a poem. I wrote it to be entered in the Salisbury Shakspearean Sonnet Competition in December of 1963. It was published in the *Central African Examiner* magazine in April, 1964. And that was the cause of all the trouble. This is the poem.

### SOUTHERN SONNET

Why must man suffer at another's hand  
Police dogs (well trained to hate the smell of black:  
The dispossessed, the people of the land)  
By nature gifted, swift and gentle on the track  
Of wayward lambs who trust their guiding bark,  
As does that sightless man, who at one's leathered neck  
Finds light and peace within a world of dark?  
Good God, Creator, why must man so wreck  
The image of Thy goodness planted there  
Instinctively within a beast so wise?  
Why must man warp and twist and tear  
The nature of both man and dog with lies?

May man yet taste and know this bitter gall:  
Perverting one is thus perverting all.

I had written the poem as a protest against conditions in Rhodesia where the non-white person has few rights. For example, in Rhodesia 37% of the land is reserved for the use of 217,000 Europeans, while 46% of the land is for the 3,970,000 Africans. Ten times as much money is spent by the government for the education of each European child (£110 approximately) as is spent for the education of each African child at school (£10 approximately). Most African students do not get beyond primary school. Voting is limited by education and financial position—so few Africans can qualify to vote. And, in order to maintain order in the face of the unrest caused by these unjust conditions, the government rules with an iron hand. Under the Law and Order (Maintenance) Act, anyone may be deprived of his liberty without a trial for periods of up to five years, and these five-year periods may be renewed indefinitely at the discretion of the Minister of Law and Order. Hundreds of Africans (especially African leaders) are now being deprived of their liberty under this Act without a formal charge being

## *a protest"*

made. Moreover, the death sentence is mandatory for even attempted murder in some cases. The police are often brutal in their treatment of those suspected of crimes. The use of police dogs against the Africans is not an uncommon practice. Further, with the present unrest in the country, use of such methods in dealing with persons opposed to the government will probably increase.

Thus, two months after my poem was published, the Rhodesian government alleged that it "was likely to engender feelings of hostility towards the police." In September the editor who had published it was convicted under the Law and Order Act and fined £25 (\$70) for publishing the poem. In April, 1965, I was identically convicted and fined. Both of us appealed to the Rhodesian High Court—but lost our appeals in June.

It was on July 2 that the police official came to our door with the papers declaring us Prohibited Immigrants. No reasons were given. (Though we knew it was because of the poem.) Since this was the middle of the Rhodesian academic year and our going would leave Chikore Secondary School seriously understaffed, we appealed for a temporary extension to see our students through their government examinations. Telegrams were sent on our behalf and on behalf of the school to Prime Minister Ian Smith by officials of the United Church and by our local church—but to no avail—our appeals were categorically denied.

Ten African members of Chikore Church, where we were members, who had been especially chosen by the congregation, came to talk, pray and weep with us in our home that fateful Sunday, encouraging us to be strong, thanking us for our witness as Christians and teachers, and finally presenting us with a generous monetary gift and letter from the congregation,



stating that "we shall pray continually for you and trust that you will come back when we have an African prime minister in Rhodesia."

There was a final week of teaching and preparing schemes of work for the rest of the year before we launched into our final four days of packing. Our colleagues appeared like angels to help sort and pack and to nourish us with coffee and cake and their smiling faces and encouraging words.

A former student at Mt. Silinda wrote from his rural school: "It was with a heart glowing and full of happiness and joy that I heard that you had criticized the use of police dogs in crowd control. Although you were made to suffer for doing Christ's will, I feel that you did much to light the gospel flame which no tyranny can extinguish. I had never realized how evil that wicked action was till you pointed it out. I hope and believe that the Good Lord will help you in seeing the results of your work."

## *"Our thoughts are continual"*

Early Tuesday afternoon, July 13, we piled into our little Morris Minor station wagon, took one last sad look at our Chikore home, and headed for a friend's home to pick up our children. We were completely overwhelmed by what we saw: On the front lawn and overflowing into the road were the men and women of Chikore farm, of Chikore Church, Chikore Primary School staff, Chikore Secondary School staff, and well over 200 secondary school students who had given up their public holiday to come and say goodbye. We wept, then, as we do now, realizing how final our departure would be, crushing their hopes and ours. Yet, after we had freely tried to give words of encouragement and thanks, the students burst into song: "We shall overcome. Deep in our hearts, we do believe, we shall overcome some day." And we know they shall. The future of Rhodesia is theirs.

Thus, we left Rhodesia to make our home in neighboring Zambia. What does the future hold for Rhodesia? A great deal depends upon how long the government of Premier Ian Smith remains in power. One wonders how long his government can continue without diplomatic recognition from the world's major powers and with the heavy economic sanctions that have been imposed.

Although some reasonable white people (possibly including Mr. Smith himself) realize that an African majority government would not have dire consequences, the general white public became so emotional on the subject that the situation was not negotiable.

One consequence of this may be that while there will be no general strike or boycott by the African people, there may be more sabotage and guerilla action—such as the calculated killing of selected, unpopular white settlers on their isolated farms.

The author and his family



*h our old home"*

Many die-hard Rhodesian Front supporters, particularly among the Afrikaaner-farmer element, have said they will fight to the death. In reality, however, they will probably take their families and their racist convictions and find a welcome home in the Republic of South Africa. Once an African government is established, most of the government civil servants (who have mainly a British Commonwealth background) will stay on and help the new government get on its feet. Businessmen will have only minor, transient difficulty in adjusting to the situation as they expand their enterprises to the mutual benefit of the new Rhodesia and themselves. Christian missionaries, too, who have identified with the African people in their struggle, will find expanded opportunities to serve through mushrooming educational and medical facilities and other social services.

All of this could come about fairly peaceably—in Rhodesia there is no large, discontented African army like the *Force Publique* in the Congo. Many African and white army officers and police officers secretly sympathize with the African nationalists and are loyal to the British crown and its policies.

Furthermore, communications in Rhodesia are satisfactory, with a system of roads, railways, and airports blanketing the country. An immediate "crash program" of new educational opportunities for Africans would help absorb the unemployed teen-agers who are the most destructive in their violent activity at present.

An African majority government will come to power in the near future in Rhodesia. The white population is outnumbered 17 to one. When the African people are determined to take over the government at all costs—and they are rapidly reaching that boiling point—they will, and no one will stop





"Call Me Bwana!"



Freedom

## *The future . . .*

them. But, unless the powerful nations of the world accept their international responsibility, this change of government could end in disaster and chaos for both the African and the white man.

My family and I are now living and working in Zambia—just to the north of Rhodesia. In this country, the spirit of cooperation and friendship between the races is at work and is growing. These people, both white and black and all shades in between, work in full sympathy and brotherhood with all men—and thus have had a glorious revelation of their own manhood as reflected in the free and self-respecting response of their fellow Zambians.

This can happen in Rhodesia too. The alternative, of course, is racial suicide for the white man and a heritage of bitterness and hatred toward everything white when an African majority government comes to power.

The Christian churches have generally supported the Africans, but the persons opposed to African nationalism are Christians, too. Therefore, the Christian church must continue to make a strong witness in Rhodesia (and in all of Africa).





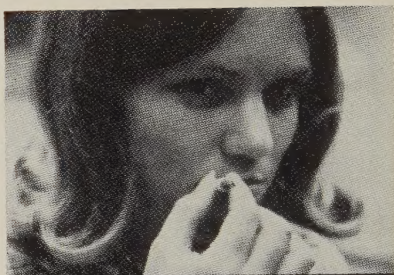
Feb., Philadelphia Inquirer

Spirit of '65

## *prosperity or chaos for Rhodesia?*

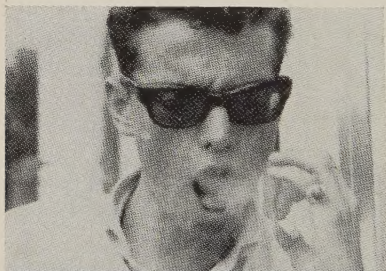
EDITOR'S NOTE: As we go to press, news reaches us of another missionary of the United Church of Christ who has been ordered to leave Rhodesia as a prohibited immigrant." For 15 years Rev. Donald K. Abbott has served Rhodesia and has a long record of outspoken opposition to racially-restrictive measures of Rhodesian Premier Ian Smith's government. Mr. Abbott is assistant head of the United Church's mission in Rhodesia, which supports an agricultural station, primary and secondary schools, hospitals at Bulawayo and Mt. Silinda and a city mission program and theological school in Salisbury. In a letter published in the Christian Science Monitor (December 20, 1965), Mr. Abbott wrote that, under the Smith government, Africans who have been trained in Christian mission schools "are to be frustrated in their ambition and desire to take their rightful place in society by a handful of reactionary, self-deluding men who, in order to maintain their favored position, have formed an illegal government. And only if this illegal government can be brought quickly to its knees can there be any hope for a peaceful and happy solution to the problems which now beset this country."

**"We'll  
miss ya,  
baby"**



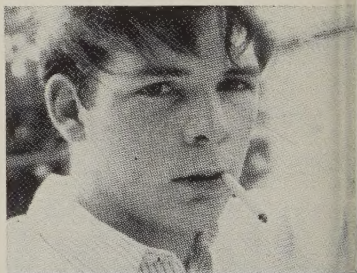
**FEMME FATALE.**

Cigarettes are part of the costume.  
Next week she learns how to inhale.



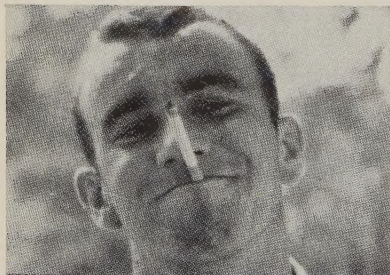
**MAN OF DESTINY.**

Smokes because he thinks it's good  
for his "image." Coughs a lot, too.



**WISE GU**

Likes to keep a cigarette in his mouth  
when he talks. Very hard to understand.



**ME-TOO.**

Smokes because his friends do. Doesn't  
know whether he likes it or not.

Cigarettes can kill you.  
Keep smoking 'em and they may.  
We'll miss ya, baby.



## MUNICH POLL OF TEENS REVEALS ANTI-SEMITISM

Results of a survey of teen-age youth in Munich, Germany, show that most viewed diaspora Jews as "noxious, mean, and worthless." However, they tended to view Israelis as "heroic and worthy of respect." The survey of 254 youths, between 14 and 17, made by a U.S. sociologist, Professor W. J. Cahnann, found boys much more anti-Jewish than girls. Asked to list various nations and peoples in order of preference, the teens placed Jews near the bottom of the list and many felt that Nazi persecution of the Jews had had some justification because Jews had been "anti-democratic" and "aggressive." Many of the young people tended to counter questions about their anti-semitism with reference to racial problems in the USA.

## MISSOURI LUTHERANS LAUNCH VOLUNTEER PROGRAM FOR YOUTH

Forty-five young people of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod are now at work on projects scattered from Japan to New York City under a new program called Prince of Peace Volunteers (POPV). After an intensive two-week training session, teams of the college-age youth are volunteering from one to three years of service in areas of great physical, emotional and spiritual need. One team of three young people is now at work in Nigeria, helping Lutheran radio broadcasters and assisting with student work at the

University of Nigeria in Enugu. They are also helping a Lutheran pastor there with an urban program. Volunteers receive food, housing, transportation and medical care, and have a monthly allowance of about \$50. Each team is related to and supervised by a local Lutheran parish.

## DRAG-STRIP MINISTRY AIDS NEW CONGREGATION

A Methodist minister in Blaine, Minn., reports that his ministry to the local teen-age dragsters has been invaluable in starting his new suburban congregation. Because of the interest of many of Blaine's youth in cars and racing, he finds he has an "entry" in contacting residents for possible membership in his church.

## NEW ZEALAND CRITICS QUAKE OVER "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE"

Criticism has been raging in New Zealand over the decision to stage "For Heaven's Sake" at the Fourth Ecumenical Youth Conference there. Most of the criticism, which has been debated in every major newspaper in New Zealand, centers around the content of the satirical review, which was first presented several years ago in the United States. Others have questioned the right of the church to use such a medium as a musical revue for presenting the faith. Some critics have not realized the serious satirical intent of the revue which is just one of many attempts being made at the conference to speak to youth in a contemporary situation. The conference schedule called for dance and

beat music in services of worship and dramatic presentations to introduce each study session.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL DROP-OUTS TELL WHY THEY LEAVE

One in six teenagers cut all connections with the church during their high-school years, according to a survey reported by Scripture Press to the National Sunday School Association. Response from pastors of conservative Protestant churches throughout the United States listed the following reasons for quitting the church in order of frequency:

- (1) There are not enough youth activities in the church.
- (2) "Adults in church are hypocrites"; one girl added, "There were too many people who were so 'holy'

on Sunday, but the rest of the week you would never know they even went to church."

(3) "Church is boring;" one teen wrote: "I got bored with sermons and the Sunday school class. They did not speak to me or my needs."

(4) "Too many other conflicting activities."

(5) "Parents didn't encourage me to go."

(6) Lack of religious interest.

(7) Too much school work and school activities.

(8) "None of my friends go to church."

Fifty-six per cent of the teen-age drop-outs considered themselves to be Christians even though they no longer go to church.

Lucy Colon is surrounded by a group of Moon-a-Tiks, grotesque little good-luck dolls. The Moon-a-tiks are 14 inches tall, with big staring eyes, long legs, horns, and a mane of Icelandic sheepskin hair. They come in various colors.



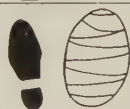
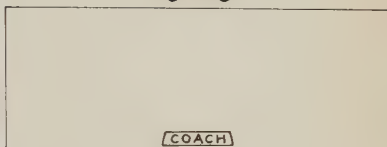


## ASIAN CHRISTIANS CALL FOR PEACE VOLUNTEER FORCE"

Asian youth leaders have called for the development of a worldwide, ecumenical "peace volunteer force" of Christian youth for service in areas of need. They said that such a force was required as a means of making advantage of the resources, and unrealized potential, of Christian youth and recommended that an agency be set up along the lines of the U.S. government's Peace Corps—but internationally sponsored. "The service of young people must be seen in the context of the whole mission of the church—the central point of this mission . . . is reconciliation between man and God; between man and man."

## DECISION TO BECOME PRIEST STARTS EARLY, STUDY SHOWS

Boys are most likely to give serious thought to becoming a priest when they are in the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades, a study conducted by the vocation office of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New Orleans indicated. The study was conducted at a Prep School (high school level) for young men who are inclined toward the priesthood as a profession. Most of those responding to the survey said they had been influenced in their decision by the example of their parish priest, by helping to serve Mass, and by vocation talks given by visiting priests. Several said their parents had inspired them to think of the priesthood, and others had considered the vocation through acquaintance with persons already studying for the priesthood.



"Sir, how come I've been dropped from the skiing team?"

## footprints

BY BILL SHELLY



"That perfume your boy friend gave you . . . what's the name of it?"

# SEASON FOR TRIVIA

*Trivia!*

Latest campus craze  
eliciting gems from that amorphous  
mass of inconsequential knowledge  
sponged up mindlessly, daily.

Name Tom Mix's horse?

Or Buddy Hackett's favorite beer?

The answers—*Trivia!*

Man, your problem!

Which trivia are trivial

and which the premisses of excellence?

Which detail is mere detail

and which decides a destiny?

See the trivial's mocking ambiguity—

now seconding creativity, now diversion,

now escape. Or detail missed

means missile failure,

northeast blackout,

stout co-operation's liabilities!

What trivia

fuse strained estrangement's agonies—

Humanity denied in Asia's sorrow,

white man's hatred, buttoned war.

God, your problem!

You number the hairs on my head!

Each precious to a balding pate

but apt signs of *your* concern with *Trivia!*

"Maker of Heaven and Earth,"

what is trivial to you?

What little? big?

Which tougher to create—

space or an atom?

If size means nothing

how do you judge the secret prayer,

the daily deed, the lunar probe?



"To care for the *least*  
is to care for the highest."

"To be faithful in little  
is to be faithful in much."

So when the widow gave her mite  
the *trivial* meant everything?

But how come Trivia  
so often get the better of you  
and your eight-a-penny sparrows?  
O "Maker of Heaven and Earth,"  
what of the details that go wrong—  
the malformed babe?  
the twisted home?  
the cancerous cell?

*Trivia that mean everything!*

("Surely He hath borne our griefs  
And carried our sorrows.")

And how come the detail of your coming was  
so trivial? I mean—

There in Judah's tiniest town,  
replete with manger, beasts and all,  
peasant babe of peasant woman . . .  
Christ the Lord!

"Surely He hath borne our griefs  
And carried our sorrows."

God! You don't mean  
You have actually trivialised yourself  
to transform the trivial!

"I come in the little things,"  
saith the Lord.

Watch, therefore, you man!  
You waking, exploding,  
convulsive man. Pray!  
For in such *trivia* as you think not  
The Son of Man cometh.

—Victor C. Hayes  
Newport News, Va.





# Buried Treasure, U.S.A.



ANITA OLACHEA / Buried Treasure! What comes to mind when you read those words? Black-booted pirates? Metal-bound chests or maps with mysterious dots and crosses? Tropical islands? The skull and cross-bones? "Buried treasure" is a magic phrase which has taken people off to isolated places or sent them to search the bottom of the sea in hopes of unearthing some wondrous cache of riches. But why travel so far? There may be buried treasure in your own back yard! Actually, there isn't a state in the nation that can't claim its share of lost or buried treasure. ►

Viennese shipwreck, 1783. (The Bettmann Archive)  
Photo by Dave Guiles



The hope of sudden fortune—or just the adventure of the search—is one of the oldest lures known to man. Our own country, since its earliest days has been crossed and re-crossed by men looking for legendary treasures.

Out of documents, records, charts, and legends that have sifted down maps have been compiled. You can travel with these maps through all the layers of our country's history—to cargoes of the many sunken ships along our sea coasts, to silver hidden by a family during war-time or an Indian raid, and to gold buried by Spanish soldiers. There are dozens of these maps available at little cost. The best catalogue of such treasure maps has been published by the map division of the Library of Congress under the title of *A Descriptive List of Treasure Maps and Charts*, compiled by Richard S. Ladd. This catalogue describes hundreds of treasure maps and charts and tells you where you can get copies of the maps. The catalogue can be purchased for 30 cents by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. Study a few of these maps and you begin to see the history of our country come alive. And you may even begin to feel the temptation to join in the hunt.

Start with the northeast tip of the country. For example, the description of one treasure map reads: "A record of 455 of the 3500 cargo ships wrecked in the shallow water of Cape Cod with cargoes of gold, silver, copper, diamonds, iron, rum, and other wealth. Ship's names with dates of sinking are closely printed, mainly around the eastern shore of the Cape." Operating in those notorious waters known as "Davy Jones' Locker," Buccaneer Samuel Bellamy lost his ship "Whidah" and its two-million-dollar treasure there in 1717. Gold coins from the wreck still wash ashore in storms.

You can find old coins on the beach at Lewes, Del., too, where the British War Sloop "De Braak" in 1798 sank off the coast while carrying \$15,000,000 in gold captured from Spanish ships. Other fabulous treasure





entombed beneath the waters of the Atlantic in Spanish galleons that carried riches from the Orient as well as the New World. And, inlets and coves along the East Coast often served as stashing places for pirate gold.

Gardiner's Island, off Long Island, is reputedly the spot where Captain Kidd buried his treasure—in two parts. Only the smaller part has been recovered. "Blackbeard" (real name—Edward Teach) believed in spreading his wealth around. He buried one treasure in Burlington, N.J., hid others at Ocracoke Inlet on Cape Hatteras, Blackbeard Island off the coast of North Carolina, Georgia, and Boca Raton in Florida. Florida's gulf coast was the stamping grounds of both pirate-smuggler "Gentleman" Jean Lafitte and a fierce privateer called Billy Bowlegs, one of the last of the American coastal pirates. Lafitte's millions—never found—were hidden between Galveston and Jacksonville. Billy's gold plate and silver bullion was buried around Choctawhatchee Bay—a popular hideout for fugitive pirates.

The established route for Spanish ships returning home, carried them up the coast to a point south of Cape Kennedy, then out across the Atlantic. Many of them were caught in storms and foundered, carrying their riches to the bottom. Of about eight billion dollars in gold taken from the New World by Spain, at least five per cent, or \$400,000,000, was lost on the way home.

This was the fate of the Spanish Plate Fleet of 1715—11 ships carrying gold, silver, pearls, emeralds, dyes and oriental goods. Some salvage was accomplished by the Sergeant-Major of Havana using Indian divers, but for almost 250 years the fleet lay undisturbed just 1100 feet from shore. Then, in 1900, Wagner accidentally came upon a piece of silver on the beach near Sebastian Inlet. He studied old charts, gathered equipment and professional divers, and after four years was rewarded with the biggest find of sunken treasure in almost 300 years—more than a million dollars in gold and silver

coins, plus \$500,000 in artifacts: silver tableware, ornaments, porcelain cutlasses, and jewelry. And there are still more ships to be excavated.

Inland, Indians buried their treasures to keep them from the white men—and the white men hid their fortunes from the Indians or for safekeeping in times of war. Millions of dollars in gold minted in France for the U.S. were hidden near East Granby Center, Conn., between 1775 and 1783. About the same time Hessians dumped a gold-filled cannon into the Delaware River.

Local tales are responsible for keeping alive many reports of lost treasure. For example, local legends maintain that ten million dollars are buried near Richmond, Va.—a loan from the British to the South during the Civil War; that fortunes in gold and silver bars were hidden by Indians in Indiana and Kentucky; that family treasures were plastered into walls or buried in the back yard—from Chicago to Mississippi.

Moving west, pirates became bandits relieving banks, trains and stage wagons of their burden of wealth. A cave in southern Illinois is thought to contain outlaw treasure; Jesse James left two caches of loot in Oklahoma—one in Robber's Cave State Park and another along an old road near Fort Sill; and the Dalton Gang supposedly hid their booty in caves in southern central Kansas.

The country's natural wealth was first discovered and mined by Spanish explorers who came up north out of Mexico looking for the Indians' fabled "cities of gold," and the treasures of Montezuma—ten million dollars worth of gold, silver, emeralds, rubies, and pearls rumored to be somewhere in White Mountain, on the Arizona-Utah border. They never found it, but they did unearth rich veins of ore and established gold and silver mines that reached into northern Missouri. Some of these treasures were cached—hidden until they could be returned for—but the miners either were killed or couldn't find the location again, and the riches were lost. There is one such site in central Arizona; many people have come upon it just once, but when they try to find it a second time, it always eludes them.

The mountains of the West—the Rockies, the Superstition Mountains, the Sangre de Cristos—are honeycombed with mines. Tales about the mines are also numerous: of miners done in by Indians or outlaws, of prospectors seeking the rich lode they'd once discovered by accident and never found again, of men who died with the secret of their wealth.

Often the names of the mines are preceded by the word "lost." The Lost Dutchman is one of these—a richly productive mine operated by





The Bettman Archives





Bob Walz, the legendary Dutchman. Walz came to work the mine after the original owners had been wiped out by Apaches. He mined it until he was an old man, coming down with burros laden with gold ore to be sold in Phoenix or Tucson, but always slipping away from those who tried to follow him. In 1877 he filled his sacks for the last time, then covered the mine's entrance with timbers and rock. When he died, he carried the exact location of his mine—somewhere in the wild Superstition Range—to his grave.

The lost mine of Juan Carlos, in southern Colorado, is another shrouded in mystery. Juan Carlos was a hermit—heading for his mine on the first of May and returning on the first of October, with a pack train laden with gold ore. When he lay dying he sent a servant to a nearby priest with a letter bequeathing his fortune to the church. The servant was murdered on the way, and only the part of the letter that might have told of the location of the gold was torn away.

Jesuit missions in southern Arizona and throughout the Southwest were once repositories for vast fortunes. Indians brought their wealth to be stored behind mission walls, and they worked mission mines that were hidden in the mountains. When the Jesuits were expelled from the New World in 1767, they placed their treasures in caves and underground vaults, hoping to reclaim them later—but they never returned.

"Lost" sites stretch north to Washington and west to California where Juan Murietta buried his bandit treasure and pure gold nuggets shine up through the waters of an un-named lake. Government and trading vessels with millions in gold have gone down off the Pacific Coast, and it's believed that the English adventurer, Sir Francis Drake, hid part of a captured treasure near Monterrey, south of San Francisco.

Looking at the treasure maps, the whole country seems to be underlined with a layer of gold. Many of the sites have been searched—and some of the treasure found—but the government suspects that about 75% of the sites are never reported.

Each treasure has its own story, and usually a few ghosts, but this doesn't discourage the seekers. The grip of the treasure bug isn't easily brushed off, and those who succumb say that not the least valuable part of the experience is that of having "brushed hands" with history. ▼

TA OLACHEA / Miss Olachea is a free-lance writer working out of Philadelphia.







## dialogue of death . . . or rebirth?

I have a friend in Viet Nam. He's a soldier. When he left to go overseas, I felt sad, for somehow it didn't seem right that such a fine young man would be going so far away from home to take part in a war. A part of my sadness was the normal fear of one friend for another whom he may never see again, for I knew the risk of combat. His departure reminded me of the days in my own youth when I left home for a war overseas. And now, a generation later, I was sad because mankind had not yet learned to live together without war. In my own heart and mind I was asking whether or not the war in Viet Nam was any better answer today to the big problems

facing the world than past wars had been. Yet within this past generation mankind seemed to be groping increasingly for a way of peace. Could Vietnam become mankind's agonizing turning point away from war? Or was it to be just another dialogue of death?

When communications break down, everyone suffers—whether it be between parents and youth, students and teachers, segregationists and Negroes, Vietnamese or Viet Cong, the demonstrators and legislators, the affluent and the poor, the intelligentsia or the uneducated, the well-adjusted and the insecure, the pacifists and the Pentagon, Christians and non-Christians, Communists and Red-haters, fundamentalists and liberals, Democrats and Republicans, labor and management, clergyman and laymen, or male and female.

All of life is a dialogue—not only a dialogue between one person and another, but also a dialogue between what we know and what we don't know, between what one person says is right and what another says is wrong, between my own personal purpose in life and a Purpose that's bigger than the life of any one of us. The world is on the verge of a breakthrough in some of life's dialogue—in space exploration, in creation of human life, in automation. Yet we so often seem so far away from a breakthrough in life's dialogue between human beings. Why do we fail in our dialogue with one another?

First of all, *we are not listening to one another*. We start with our own pre-conceived ideas and we won't shake them. We don't want to change. But how far could the scientist go in the dialogue between the known and the unknown if he were unwilling to listen and to change? Growth is always the result of tension between old and new. And when we stop growing, we begin to die. Yet some of us seem to prefer death rather than risk the adjustment necessary to reap the benefits of rebirth. When we listen, we can learn. When we learn, we can grow. No one knows everything. Each of us has a long way to grow.

Secondly, *we are not accepting one another as fellow human beings*. We have not yet learned how to disagree with a man's ideas without rejecting him as a person. We have not yet learned to love our enemy. Yet in our own lives we respect most those people (such as our parents) who accept us and respect us even when we make mistakes and disagree. The mutual respect occasionally evident within the United Nations has often helped a nation more easily "save face" when it has made a mistake and conflict has been avoided.

Thirdly, *we really don't believe in man's abilities to achieve the "impossible" in human relationships*, even though he continues to achieve the "impossible" in space and in biology. Perhaps what is needed are a few convincing breakthroughs in human relationships—a smile in a tense moment at home, an extended hand of help to a stranger in need, or the humiliation of a confession that you've goofed. The launching pad for achieving the "impossible" was set long ago by the example of Jesus Christ.

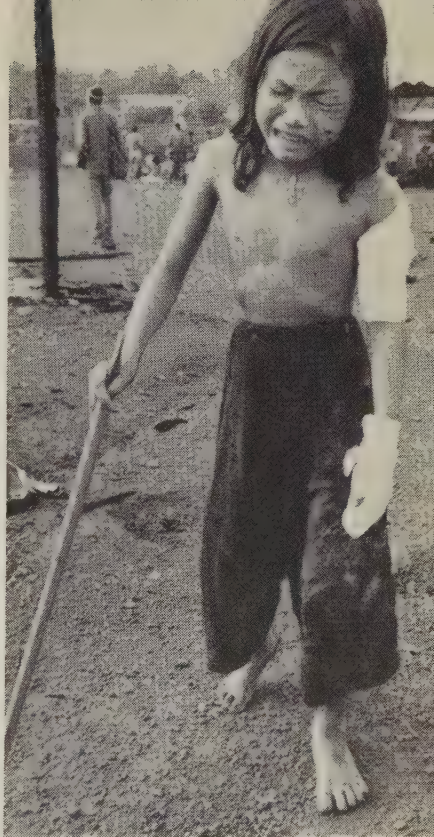
Fourth, *we are not willing to set up basic standards of judgment* on which we can build a long-range involvement in international relations or a long commitment in our personal relationships. Often our goals in life are important but short-ranged—such as getting a high school diploma, or finding a good job, or being happily married. But all goals are made easier to live with when our commitment is to a deeper, bigger-than-life perspective. Even in international affairs, our policy must look far beyond any goals in Viet Nam, beyond any containment of communism, beyond disarmament, beyond finding those things most needed to build the foundations on which a world without war is practical and desirable.

Fifth, *we are not ready to put first things first and sacrifice whatever is needed* to listen, to accept one another fully, to believe in what we can achieve, and build our future on some basic standards of judgment. Yet, if we truly believe that peace is possible and desirable, we must be ready to join others in waging an all-out, world-wide program—even if it means sacrificing those extra family cars, those plush new churches, those leisure hours!

Or is this asking too much?

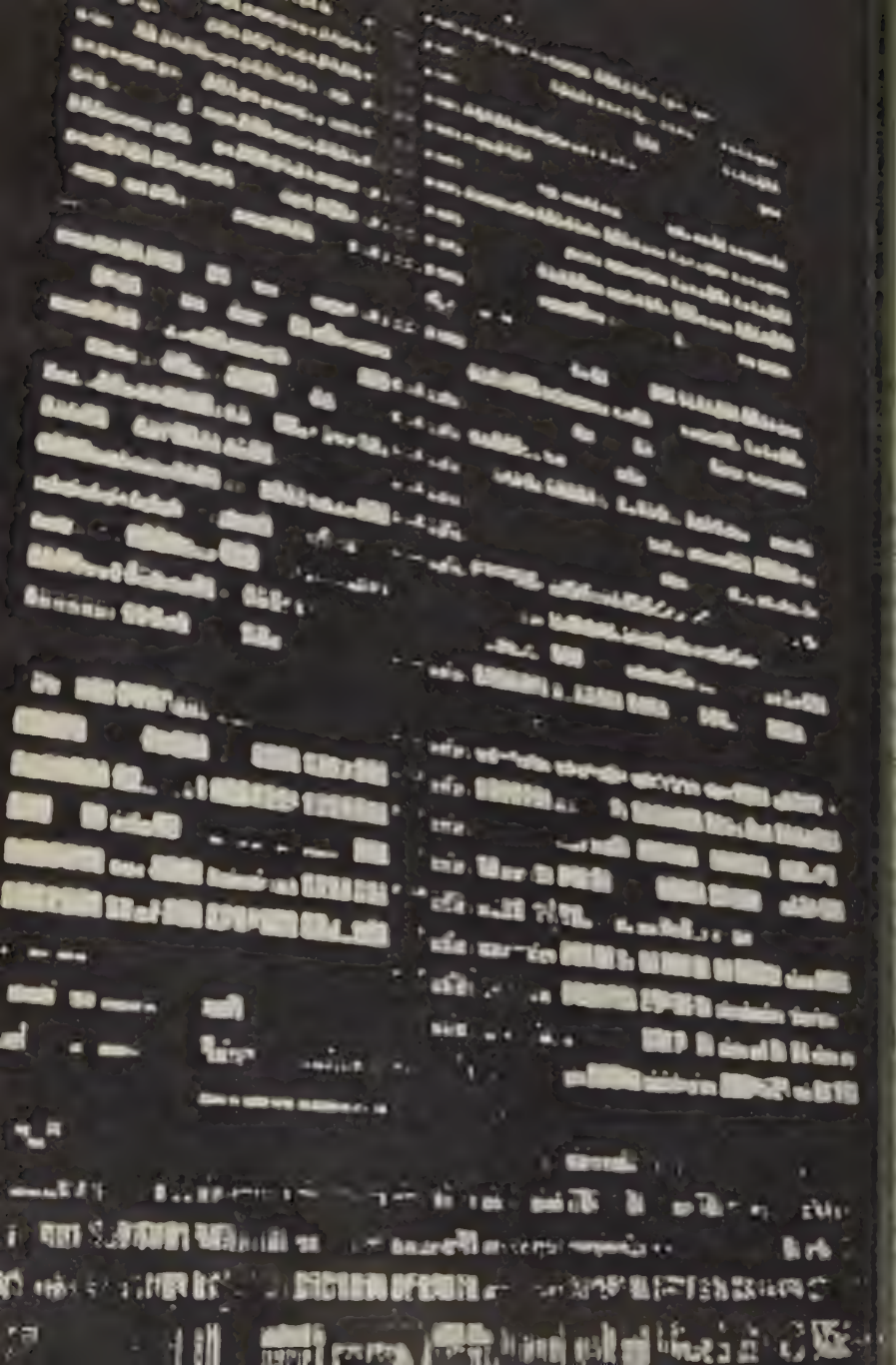
In the meantime, people are suffering all around us—at home, at school, in our nations, and in other lands. Young and old die of starvation, bullying, loneliness, disease, rejection, exploitation. . . . Communications are breaking down. And the rest of us sit and wonder. But what in the world are we waiting for?

—HERMAN AHRENS



UPI Photo





## teen forum

Delegates to a youth seminar on the United Nations share opinions and impressions . . .

Fought in the East Coast blackout in November were a group of young people from various parts of the East, but mainly Ohio, who were attending a special youth seminar on the United Nations, sponsored by the United Church of Christ and held at the interdenominational Church Center across the street from the United Nations. Except for some additional excitement and minor inconveniences caused by the over-night blackout, the three-day seminar maintained its schedule of speakers, tours, and discussion sessions. YOUTH magazine asked some of the delegates questions about the world situation.

*How do you feel about demonstrations against U.S. Policy in Viet Nam?*

JACK: I think that those who protest are not only betraying their country, but are condemning thousands of Vietnamese people to lives of slavery.

CHERYL: I have mixed feelings about this. In a way these demonstrations are good, because they make people realize how bad the situation is in Viet Nam. In another way they are bad because some demonstrators hardly know anything about which they're demonstrating.

MISSY: I'll never condemn the demonstrations, because it's the peoples' right to protest, but I can't see that it has accomplished anything.

JOHN: I believe that since these people sincerely believe we should not be there, they have the right to express their opinions. How can a person expressing his ideas hurt us? It only encourages many more to be concerned and think for themselves.

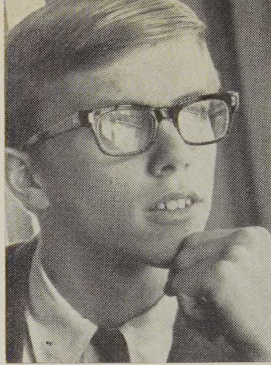
JEAN: These people are demonstrating without thinking the problem through. I think it's wrong. Their demonstrations only cause more people and nations to wonder about, and distrust, the U.S.

TOM: These demonstrations are one way of expressing peoples' opinions for or against the policy. They should be well organized and should make every effort to be carried on in a non-violent manner.





Joan Rhoads / Martin, Ohio



James Rohrbaugh / Genoa, Ohio



Cheryl Taylor / Toledo, Ohio

### ***What is the most important task facing the United Nations?***

**JACK:** To promote world peace through whatever channels are open and to keep this peace wherever they can.

**CHERYL:** The United Nations is definitely a peace-keeping organization maintained for the good of the world. Though keeping peace *should* be the ultimate goal of every nation, it *must* be the goal of the United Nations.

**MISSY:** To help bring peace and most of all understanding through language and ideas instead of war and force.

**JIM:** To provide for a long-range promotion of the world's political and social conditions, thus establishing a lasting chance for peace.

**JOAN:** To maintain peace in the world. The U.N. has done an extremely good job in preventing and stopping wars in this present-day world of tension, suspicion and hatred. If it can continue to prevent a third world war, it will have accomplished its ultimate goal.

**TOM:** I feel the U.N. has done a great job in keeping peace in its 25 years of existence. It must continue its good work not only in military aid but also in social and economic aid to help prevent conflicts.

### ***Should Red China be admitted to the United Nations?***

*(This question was first asked at the beginning of the seminar. Then, at the close of the sessions, these delegates were asked if their opinions on the question had changed.)*

**JACK:** Red China should be admitted to the U.N. even though it may have the Communist countries. If the United Nations is to function properly, all the countries of the world should be represented. . . . I still have the opinion that Red China should be admitted, and it has been strengthened by what I have seen and heard here at the seminar and at the U.N.

**CHERYL:** Since the United Nations is a league of nations, I see no reason why Red China can't join if it can guarantee it will abide by the laws of the U.N. If the U.N. is working for world peace, it seems important that peace be kept *inside* the organization. . . . I've learned more about the





Meyers / Millersville, Pa.



Missy Lindsey / Darien, Conn.



Thomas Sawyer / Toledo, Ohio

China situation during the seminar, but still maintain that any nation bringing peace and willing to work for it should be considered for admission. I am confused about the two Chinese governments, and this fact makes it hard for me to decide completely on this question.

MISSY: Idealistically, all nations should be admitted to the United Nations. In any way, Red China could be vetoed, hopefully without simply ignoring its presence or threats. The little I know about Red China tells me, however, that little compromise could ever be worked out with a country of its temperament. . . . My opinion hasn't changed. I have simply discovered what my opinion should have been based on before.

THOMAS: Since the U.N. tries to affect the world, it cannot do its job completely unless all nations are represented. . . . My opinion hasn't changed, but I am now very much in doubt about whether my opinion is right.

JOAN: I feel Red China should be admitted. It *does* exist and even though the United States doesn't recognize its existence, this doesn't change the fact that Red China is a country with a considerable amount of power. A world organization, such as the United Nations, cannot be totally successful unless *all* the major nations in the world are represented. . . . I still feel that, in order to have complete representation of major powers in the U.N., Red China should be admitted. However, I realize more fully that the admission of Red China is a terribly complicated question and cannot really be answered by a definite "yes" or "no" answer.

THOMAS: With Red China's current government, I think they should be kept out of the United Nations. This is a nation of an enormous number of people who should be represented in the U.N., but not by a dictatorship such as the one in Red China today. . . . My opinion has not changed, although I have been enlightened on the situation. The Chinese government which signed the U.N. charter is still in existence, and thus, should be the representative to the U.N. If this government had been completely abolished, then I think the new government should be in the U.N. ▼



miss ya, baby"



**FEMME FATALE.**  
Cigarettes are part of the costume. Week she learns how to inhale.



**MAN OF DESTINY.**  
because he thinks it's good "image." Coughs a lot, too.



**WISE GUY.**  
He'd a cigarette in his mouth. Very hard to understand.



**ME-TOO.**  
as his friends do. Does he whether he likes it or not.

cigarettes can kill you.  
ent and they may.  
e'll miss ya, baby.  
**American cancer society**



## WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE WE WAITING FOR?

Shalom be with you.

We know it is given to us who are the first fruits of humanity. We accept it gratefully on behalf of the world. God loves. We represent the others here: the doubters and the atheists, the unbelievers and the men of other faiths.

We represent those who mourn and those who have been silenced. We bring with us the obedience to God and rejection of God, we bring tears and swearwords, the hypocrisy and the cruelty of all the world. We bring these things not as something foreign to us but as parts of ourselves which need to be redeemed and healed. We come as men who are like all others.

Then, rise and receive the benediction.

The shalom of our Lord Jesus.

The chesed of JHWH

The koinonia of the Holy Spirit

Surround and penetrate us all. Amen.

—from the Ecumenical Service of Worship  
for Youth Week 1966

*Religious Education  
EXHIBIT  
The School of Religion*



**Zambia New**

By David C.  
Of The Herald Tribune

One result of the declaration of independence will almost certainly be the development of alternative routes to the sea for Zambia and may even result in faster development of all of East Africa.

The East African port to see Rhodesia transport of Zambia which accounts for 90 per cent of the country's exports and virtually all of its imports.

In fact, there is no belief that white supremacy may never play a role in the whole of Africa.

WHEW

